

# The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

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POLITICAL.

The Editor Pioneer:

BUTLER, N. C., June 30

Dear Sir—Having just finished

my wheat, I find myself enjoy-

ment as two of leisure which I

shall now devote to political account-

ing very well that I am not in the

habit of writing for the public eye, nor

do I now attempt any thing of the kind

but that I feel it a duty, in com-

mon with others, to add my little mite to

the common fund of those political prin-

ciples which I believe are essentially neces-

sary to the preservation of the blessings of

liberty. We live in strange times—the

land is excited—strange political

movements are being formed—the result

of which we feel at every step we take

is uncertainty. It has been truly

said that the constitutional guarantees of

the people are being put to the test. Our

land and our people are never dreamed

of which we are surrounded—we are

in a political anarchy—our

country is in danger. True, the

people are settled to a very con-

stant extension of the South—

the face of the

Democrat is opposite—the days

of Adams and Allen and

did the marshall hosts of

fight with more desperate

though beaten, has not sur-

present congressional canvass

is too important in its conse-

quences to permit those who can wield, how-

ever, a pen to remain silent. In

it would be a crime of the first

magnitude to be indulging our ease,

the enemy is at our doors, battling

the very pillars of the constitution.

A diligent enquirer after truth—

no system which commands not

its own reason.

is not born to flatter or betray,

but to tell the voice of nature

and give birth.

I cannot support the

principles of the Know-Nothing party.

Its motto is revolution—its

power is in the White party

within what it termed the conserva-

principles of the Constitution, we had

the right to fear—our nationality at least,

in danger—our very existence not

endured. I am not superstitious, nor

I ever bowed down in blind idolatry

to any gods, or approached with an

irrational awe the political shrine of any

man; but I confess I reverence principle

as I do the foundation of all

of honorable actions, and is the

of the triumph of constitutional lib-

erty. When we lose sight of this, and

when we cease to embody in action

principles which have insured the

of our arms, and the protection of

rights, and cater to the wild fanat-

ism of party—struggling for the mere

of office, surely it cannot be said the

is not in danger.

is not I think the sole object

of the Whig party. Though I

admit views which in my humble opin-

ion are with our best interests,

man could say that those brave spir-

its so often led the embattled hosts

grown corrupt in the Whig party, change  
his moral and political relations by so  
strange an amalgamation! Does this fu-

sion have this talismanic effect? If so it

utterly sets at naught the teachings of

Christ: who taught that man and of

himself was a helpless being, and the pow-

er to regenerate was of God. Political

corruption implies moral corruption—the

advocacy of principles which has for its

object the obtaining of power by false

and fraudulent means. I know there are

those whose ethics teach that all is fair in

politics—but conscience will not hold him

guiltless who seeks preferment by dishon-

orable means. The Whig leaders are

thoroughly identified with the new party.

Now if they were impure before, how have

they become regenerated?

"Can a leopard change his spots,"

An Ethiopian his skin?"

What evidence do they give that they

are better men? What testimony do they

keep? Who are their confederates in this

new born zeal for the safety of the repub-

lic? What are the terms of the treaty?

Is it the repeal of the fugitive-slave law—

the restoration of the Missouri restriction—

the abolition of popular sovereignty in the

territories? Is it to insult with brutal

force those who seek the protection of the

law in the recovery of the fugitive slave—

degrade the South into a mere dependen-

cy? Is it to remove judges who stand up

to the constitutional rights of the South

and to drive jurors into obedience to the

will of the higher law party? Are these

the terms and these the objects to be ob-

tained? We are assured by the Northern

wing of the party that this is its aim, its

purpose and designs. I know the Southern

wing deny it. But the South in this con-

troversy is powerless—the numerical

strength lies North—nor can the third de-

gree avail her anything in this struggle—

it has no vitality—it is utterly repudiated

by the North, and was intended as a mere

trick to gull the South. If this new party

had its origin in Boston as has been asser-

ted, and not denied, it would seem that

was a fit spot. It was here that the doors

of Faneuil Hall were closed upon the im-

mortal Webster. It is here the pulpit re-

sounded with the cry that we want an an-

ti-slavery God—an anti-slavery Bible—an

anti-slavery Constitution; and it was here

that blood was shed in the execution of the

fugitive-slave law.

I shall not now argue this question of

Catholic proscription or Foreign emigra-

tion, but will see if I can discover in the

platform, the supracaric of political elem-

ents, the horizon to guide the ship

of State.

It is conceded the constitution emanated

from wise heads and true hearts. It was

perfect of its kind; but it was because of

the imperfectibility of human nature, the

known ambiguity, that it was not a bet-

ter difference arose, but the difference was

more the result of their manner of thinking

than of their ability of the British consti-

tution, than from any other source. The

States, particularly the South, were justly

jealous of so great a power. They regard-

ed with just pride their own sovereignty,

and concluded that alienation of any por-

tion of the same to be interpreted by a

power independent of them, was just cause

stars, thirty-one glitter on the escutcheon  
of our glory. The United States bank is an  
obsolete idea. No one wishes to disturb  
the democratic tariff—the sub-treasury—  
the great bug-a-boo of hard cider mem-

ory, is now no cause for alarm. The bankrupt

law is repealed—our flag is honored on

every sea, and has triumphed on every

field—prosperity attends individual exer-

tions—we are at peace with the world—

parties have formed and passed away—

Federalists—Whigs—Republicans—the

Democracy has triumphed—the constitu-

tion remains intact.

But we are met with the cry we must

have a change—old issues are dead—the

Whig party is corrupt. If the democratic

party has accomplished so much, why the

necessity for a change; and from whence

comes this cry? From the allies of Nor-

thern fanatics! From the very men who

have been in continuous opposition to prin-

ciples they now, complacently enough, con-

cede to be right. It is the will of disap-

pointed ambition or disinterested patriot-

ism! Can we trust these leaders? Would

it be wisdom in us to cast aside well tried

friends for new aspirants? If history is

philosophy, leading by example what les-

sons of wisdom and of warning doth she

not spread out on her pages? The Know-

nothing party propose to embark the ship

of State upon an untried sea, and ask us

to follow. What security do they offer

that this government will be as happy and

prosperous in this war upon religion and

our domestic institutions, as it was and

still is, and will ever be under the control

of democratic principles? What pledges

for their fidelity? Is it in the broken

fragments of a shattered party—grown

rotten in the corruption of its leaders? Is

it in prophecies fulfilled, or miracles per-

formed in attestation of its mission?—

Where are the credentials of character?

Does the past afford us no instructive les-

sons—surely we must be blind indeed if we

can read these lessons without being satis-

fied of the utter falsity of its principles

and insincerity of its leaders. Shall we

take this new party upon the bare word

of its leaders? Have we no evidences of

their broken faith and violated pledges?

They are written on every page of the

past! They have falsified every syllable

they have uttered. I summon to my aid

but one word—that word—corruption.

Thus you see my dear sir, I have writ-

ten you a long letter when I only intended

to have written a page or two. Should I

write another I will discuss the platform

(so called) of this new party and show up

its harmoniousness in glowing colors.

Yours, &c.,

ION.

PATRIOTIC LETTER FROM AN

OLD WHIG.

The following letter from Dr. Francis

Hallory, of Norfolk, will be read with in-

terest. Dr. M. has occupied a distin-

guished position in Congress and elsewhere.

We commend its perusal especially to

those old Henry Clay Whigs who have

not yet been "put to the test" of the Know

Nothing juggernaut.

NORFOLK, July 3, 1855.

Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 12th

ultimo soliciting my attendance on the 4th

July at the presentation of a Banner by

the Democracy of Portsmouth to the De-

mocracy of your county, would have re-

ceived an earlier answer but for my ab-

sence from this place.

ism might, as a newer passion, crush  
out Abolition, and thus save the Un-

ion.

Thus thinking, I had for a moment yel-

ded to the solicitations of its emissaries,

and by a reluctant acquiescence permitted

my name to be sounded in its dissonant

halls. A kind Providence rescued me

from disgrace, and the highest compliment

of my humble life was received at their

hands. It is now my pride that my sub-

sequent efforts to repair this weakness,

have caused me to be singled out as the

object of their abuse and vengeance. I

did not know what I was doing, for they

had not shown the cloven foot. Their

ritual, oaths and other, disgusting in-

jury, had not been exposed. The Abol-

ition wing lay hid in the mazes of the cul-

vert, and the fraternal secrets of a Massa-

chusetts Committee had not adorned the

pages of its lifeless history.

If my Whig will show me one good rea-

son why his party should unite with this

condition, I will take back all I have ever

said, and repent me in sackcloth and ash-

es. I can recognize no similitude what-

ever between the two parties in character,

purpose or doctrine, and those who, for

"power and pelf," have surrendered the

old Whig party, bound hand and foot,

to the keeping of these Northern conspira-

tors, have committed a grievous blunder,

and are guilty of a crying sin. The means

never yet justified by the end, whether

it be preached by Jesuits, or practiced

by Know Nothings; and the offspring of a

union between them and the Whigs, must

be conceived in corruption and born in in-

iquity.

I can be no party to the marriage con-

tract, for it is a surrender of virtue into

the arms of hypocrisy, and the very change

of name is characteristic of the embrace.

I have never, gentlemen, professed any

remarkable allegiance to mere party; and

if in consulting the teachings of my own

judgment, or the dictates of my own con-

science, I have won for myself the reputa-

tion of an inconsistent politician, I am

well content, since it has not been done

at the sacrifice of my own sense of duty.

When the rights of the South were the

issue, I have taken position with my sec-

tion, regardless of party clamor; and I am

prepared to do it again, let the demagogue











